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## The Professor and the Tiger

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN

Bravery (said my friend, the third officer,) isn't such a simple thing as you think it. One man is brave in one way, and another in a different one. Often enough, that which is called bravery, is nothing more than custom. You wouldn't go up on the fore-royal-yard in half a gale to reef sail, would you? Not you! You'd be afraid. Well, you might think me a brave man because I would. But then I'd be afraid to cut a chap's leg off, and you wouldn't.

That was what old Captain Hoskins, whom I sued to sail with, could never understand. If a man was a bit nervous about the sea, he used to look down on him as all sorts of a coward. But there came a day when he learned better.

It happened when I was with him in a three-masted sailing ship called the Arrow. We lay at Singapore, alongside the Tanjong Pagar Wharf, loading with a general cargo for Liverpool. The principle object of that cargo—or at least the one we took the most notice of—was a tiger that we were shipping for London. It lay in a strong cage of wood and iron, with a door in the front through which it could be fed. It was a fine brute, and every time it stretched itself you could see the muscles slipping over its sides and the big, wicked-looking claws deepening out of the pads of its feet in a way that made you very thankful for the bars.

We had a passenger or two. One of them was a young girl who went by the name of Hilda Sandford. She had been a governess in the family of one of our agents out there, but the climate hadn't suited her, and she had to go home. She was coming with us instead of by steamer because she got her passage for nothing and she wasn't too well off. Directly the old man set eyes on her trim figure and the wealth of golden brown hair about her head he was struck all of a heap, so to speak, and I could see that he was promising himself a mighty pleasant voyage.

The other passenger was a strange, little, dried-up man, who wore a gold pince-nez and kept peering about the ship in a most uncomfortable way. He gave his name as Mr. Hay—Professor Hay, he called himself, though we didn't find out what he professed until later. Of course, the tiger had its attendant, but he berthed forward.

An hour or two before we started this Mr. Hay came up to the old man and began asking him a lot of questions.

"Captain," he said, nervously, "I hope we shall have a quiet passage."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Hoskins, genially.

Mr. Hay looked up at the sky. "There seems to be a good deal of wind about," he said.

"Pretty fair," said Hoskins. "That's what's going to take us home. Not being a steamer, we can't do it without it."

"You're sure it's safe?" asked Hay.

"Safe!" said the old man, getting on his high horse, "safe! I'm sailing this ship."

The little man smiled apologetically. "You will excuse me, Captain," he said, "I did not mean any offence. The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on shipboard. It is a feeling that I have never been able to overcome."

The old man looked at him with a sort of good natured contempt.

"You've no call to be alarmed," he said; "we'll take you to England safe enough."

Mr. Hay smiled again and walked off into the cage, where we had fixed up the tiger's cage. It seemed to have a sort of attraction for him, for he stood before it for at least a quarter of an hour. Hoskins looked after him, and then turned to Miss Sandford, who was sitting near.

"Nice sort of a chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land."

"Well, you know, I have a fellow feeling for him, captain," he answered. "I'm afraid of the sea myself."

"Ah," he said, "but you're a woman, you see. A bit of fear's all right in a woman. It's natural to them. But with a man it's different. A man ought to be afraid of nothing."

"And are you afraid of nothing, captain?" he asked.

"Not I," said Hoskins. "You can have the biggest storm ever hatched by the China seas and I'll thank you for it. It brings out all the good in a man."

"It must be nice to be brave," she exclaimed.

"Oh, it's all right when you're used to it," said Hoskins, modestly. "And a brave man and a pretty woman are two of the finest sights in creation. They ought always be together."

There was something in his tone that made her blush. And though she said she agreed with him, she took the first

opportunity of clearing off to another part of the deck.

Shortly afterward we put to sea. For the next few days we had the best of weather and everything went smoothly. I had my time pretty well taken up with my work, but for all that I could see one or two things that set me thinking. The first was that the old man was making himself uncommonly attentive to Miss Sandford. The second was that this Mr. Hay in a quiet and timid sort of way, was thinking a good deal of her, too.

Hoskins saw quickly enough that he had a rival, but as he had started off with a healthy contempt for him, he didn't disturb himself over and above much. For my part I thought the girl fancied Hay rather than Hoskins; and though she couldn't avoid the old man and could not help listening to his sea yarns, I could see her eyes turning forward toward the waist where Hay was putting in his time looking at the tiger.

One afternoon the skipper was sitting beside Miss Sandford on the poop deck when Hay came up the companion and made his way toward them.

"There's something I want to tell you, captain," he said. "It's getting on my mind and making me quite uncomfortable. That man whose business it is to look after the tiger isn't doing his work properly. The animal isn't getting enough food. It is developing a savage nature. And yesterday, when I went to see the man about it, I found that he was intoxicated. I really think you should interfere."

Of course, the old man should have interfered. But he didn't like being told his duty by the little professor, especially when the girl was about. So he just sneered.

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast escaping?" he said.

"I should certainly regard it as unfortunate," the little man replied. "You see, a drunken man might be careless about the fastenings. I must really insist upon your speaking to him."

"He's not one of my crew," said Hoskins. "I have enough to do to look after them. If any of them get drunk, they'll hear of it. But this chap is a passenger, even if he is only a steerage one. He can do as he likes with his spare time. If you're so blamed frightened about the beast you'd better look to the fastenings yourself."

"Excuse me," said the professor stiffly, "that is not my business. The animal does not belong to me. I have done what I believe to be my duty. I can say no more."

He turned away without even a glance at the girl.

"That man," said Hoskins, looking after him, "is frightened at his own shadow. Let me give you a bit of fatherly advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry, never marry a coward. A girl like you wants some one who will protect her in time of danger; some one she can rely on and look up to."

"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said shyly. "But when I do I'll bear your advice in mind, captain."

"That's it," said Hoskins. "Think over it carefully. And as for getting married, I'd be glad if you'd think over that, too."

She started like a frightened horse.

"Oh, captain!" she said. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You do understand," he said tenderly, drawing his chair a bit nearer to her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda! Have n't you a word for a poor old seaman who worships the very ground you tread on? Think it over. None but the brave deserve the fair, you know."

"You mustn't speak like this," she exclaimed, rising as though she was distressed. "You are older than I am, and I don't know that you are a brave man. I have only your word for it. Please don't speak to me about this again."

The old man saw that he had gone a little bit too far.

"Wait!" he said; "don't be frightened. I promise not to say a word until we reach England. Before we get there, if we have a bit of rough weather, I'll show you the sort of man I am. I should love a bit of danger for your sake."

For the next few days he went about whistling for a wind, as though he wanted to send us all to Davy Jones' locker. I believe he would have been glad of a typhoon just to show his seamanship and his contempt for danger. As for his seamanship, no one ever questioned it; and as for his contempt for danger, he was to get his chance all right, though not quite in the way he expected.

It was about a week after his conversation with the girl that it came. Hilda was sitting on the poopdeck reading a book. The old man was

marching up and down, with a quarter-deck trot, casting glances at her, thinking how pretty she was, when suddenly he let off a howl and sprang into the port mizen rigging. I was n't far off him at the time, and I looked at him, wondering whether he had gone mad. Then I saw what he had seen, and I went up the starboard mizen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones. The girl raised her head and looked up at Hoskins, and he gaped down at her and tried to shout. But for some time he would only make faces.

"Look! Look!" he yelled at last. "Come up the rigging, the tiger is loose!"

She sprang to her feet and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope. It was paying no sort of attention to her at the moment, but she felt that it might take it into its head to spring at her at any time. As she stood she was cornered between the stern of the ship and the cabin door. There was nothing to be done but to climb up the rigging. She tried, but the first step was too high. And when she realized that I thought she was going to faint.

Hoskins was just going down to give her a hand, but at that moment the tiger looked up and saw him, and gave kind of roar. The old man stuck where he was then, and sort of shivered all over like jelly in a gale. As for the girl, she went white all over, and gave herself up for lost. And then—out of the cabin came Professor Hay.

He just took one look around and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom that some one had left leaning against the deckhouse, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes. I'd heard of the power of the human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept walking forward, pushing the beast gently before him right into the waist and back into the cage.

When he had it safely fastened, he came astern again, looking not the least worried or excited, and put the broom carefully back into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining and he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into their cages with a broom, or he might have had a try at it. After a bit, he spoke up.

"That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it I could n't have believed it."

"Oh it's nothing," said the professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him, later in the evening, talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her the next morning and began making excuses for himself she cut him short.

"Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave man?"

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled.

"Well," she said, softly, "he asked me yesterday, and I'm going to take your advice."

Which shows you, doctor, that bravery is very much a matter of custom. As for poor old Hoskins, we had mild pond weather the whole way home, and he didn't even have a chance to show himself.—The Sketch.

### Summer Diarrhoea in Children.

During the hot weather of the summer months the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children. Sold by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn."

### GAMMON HAS RESIGNED

#### Quits His Job as Warden at Brushy Mountain, With Gov. Cox's Consent.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 27.—The resignation of M. H. Gammon, warden at the branch prison at Brushy Mountain, has been accepted by Gov. Cox, effective Aug. 1.

It is likely W. H. Nelson, a deputy warden at the mines, will be appointed in Gammon's stead.

It is four months until Thanksgiving but it will take that long for the true Christian to enumerate the many blessings he should be thankful for, sent him during this year of great prosperity.—Mt. Pleasant Record.

### UNCLE GID'S LETTER.

Man was the first truly great created work of God. God saw man could n't get along without something to spur him up so He made woman. So woman is the greater creation and an improvement over man. Well, they say hateful things about us men sometimes but still we go on loving them and working for them.

We excel women in physical strength but she beats us in endurance. We lie and sleep while the baby cries while she worries all night and does all the house work next morning.

In mental power we do not excel. How many great men have said, "I am what my mother made me."

Who is the power behind the throne? Why, the woman. While man is writing his long winded declarations what is woman doing? All she can do to help others except herself. Woman surely does her part and more than her part, often working for beyond her strength. She is not vain as some men assert, but it is a natural gift with her to love the beautiful and is not vanity. As to patience, Job is not in the patience line with the women for if they did not excel in that particular attribute they couldn't live in the same house with some of the sons of Adam.

Her intuition is finer than that of a man and is really the only way some of them can find out anything as they do not have the opportunity any other way. In personal appearance they excel man. With her accomplishments it is a wonder to me she submits to the impositions man seeks to impose on her, calling her often a mannish woman or an ingma. They are not enigmas but God's masterpieces of creation, the very queens of the whole world, the sunbeam of beauty, the doubly distilled fragrance of roses and the melodies of all nature, that says to man, be a gentleman, be refined. We owe whatever refinement we possess to woman. It was she that first revealed our weakness and exposed our beastly condition, and I have no doubt that Miss Eve, when she viewed herself in the crystal mirror of the lake, adjusted a curl that bewitched old Adam so that then and there he gave her his hand and heart, admitting his own inferiority to resist the power of her charms. Well, from that day to this she has been trying to improve the sons of Adam and a hard job she has had. Some have been wonderfully improved and made tolerably decent fellows, but not all. According to her opportunities she has done well, yet with her power and influence some remain yet in a crude state of refinement, but with their ever increasing opportunities I look for a higher civilization than man has ever known. Ignorant women do not raise very intelligent sons and they know it and as such they are reaching out for greater intellectual qualifications, which is the best sign I see on the horizon of the age, and this sign is one of the greatest of all. It means more to the human family than everything else. We may talk of financial progress, but the education of the daughters of the land is of more importance than all else combined, and educated womanhood is the greatest move among us. Good, true domestic woman are what the world needs. Most men have been content with his own advancement, but now he has learned that woman is the great influence that sweetens life, and he is listening to her pleas and granting her requests. I am one who is not afraid to trust woman. I believe she is worthy of all the rights and privileges man possesses and should have an equal showing with him. I am thinking she would not use such privileges with impropriety, but would make her more womanly.

### UNCLE GID.

#### "Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshine may last but a day and he prepares for the showers that are so liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary and delay may prove fatal. For sale by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

### Don't

Think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and debility.

Ice Cream Supper  
Saturday Night  
Benefit of Ball Team.  
Come out.

## Machinery Repairs

CASTINGS of All Kinds Promptly Supplied

Why send your work out of the valley when it can be done cheaper at home? Help build up your own section.

MARKET PRICE PAID FOR CAST IRON SCRAP.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

**BLACKLOCK FOUNDRY,**

Agents for... BLAKESLEE GAS & GASOLINE ENGINES.

SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN.

### DEPLORABLE TRAGEDY.

### Searles, Ala.

Special to the News.

The front salesroom of the Tracy City Bottling Works was the scene of trouble Tuesday night of last week about 10:45, which was a great shock to the entire town and community. Walter Crozer, aged 27, son of Capt. G. H. Crozer, Superintendent of the Tennessee Consolidated Coal Co., was instantly killed by a pistol in the hands of John Byers, who is a Special Deputy Sheriff and one of the proprietors of the bottling works.

It seems in view of the fact that all active officers were at Altamont attending court, that a crowd of drunken boys and men was endeavoring to run the town and Crozer was among the lot. Having been to the merry-go-round and caused them to stop, they proceeded down the street and entered the Bottling Works where a difficulty arose between Arnold Kissling, Byers' associate in business, and Walter Crozer. After Crozer knocked Kissling down, Byers ordered Crozer out of the house. When he started out he endeavored to take one of his associates in the crowd, a young Wooten, with him, whom Byers had arrested.

Crozer, it seems, jerked Wooten away from Byers and started out of the door when Byers ordered them to stop. At this juncture it seems Crozer picked up a chair and started after Byers who pulled his pistol and fired three shots, as related by Byers, only to make him stop, and this fact is corroborated by one hole in the floor and one in the ceiling and one in the front wall. The fourth shot striking Crozer the ball entering the right side of the head above the temple, causing instant death. Byers is a man of about 50 years and has been in Tracy City for several years, has always been considered a peaceable, hard-working man, but when irritated a very dangerous one.

Crozer was a frequent indulgent in liquor, while drunk was rather troublesome, but not considered a dangerous man.

The families of Byers and Crozer have been acquainted for some years, both having resided at Whitwell for a number of years.

Byers immediately went to Altamont and gave himself up to the sheriff, admitting the killing, but claiming that it was unavoidable, deeply deploring and regretting the fact and desiring an investigation of the same, which will be given by the grand jury now in session at Altamont.

The entire town is in deep sympathy with both families in their trouble.

The funeral and burial of the deceased occurred here yesterday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. J. B. Jordan, of the Methodist church presiding.

Walter was the eldest child, and is survived by his father, mother, and small brother and three sisters. The family was very much devoted to Walter and the shock of his ultimate ending was a very severe blow.—Mrs. Grundy.

### Unnecessary Expense.

Acute attacks of colic and diarrhoea come without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it. For sale by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

### Mrs. Hattie Lyda Dead.

BRIDGEPORT, Ala., July 27.—Mrs. Hattie Lyda, died at her home near town after an illness of several weeks. She was the widow of Joseph Lyda, and was well known for her kindness and goodness. She was born in North Carolina sixty-two years ago. She leaves ten grown children, all of whom were with her at the time of her death. Her remains were taken to Mt. Carmel for interment.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*